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Poetical Department.

LOVE IN DEATH.

A mother sits by a lowly grave,
A hillock small and green,
With two gray stones at the head and feet,
And the daisied turf between.

Silent she sits in that place of graves,
As if tranced in a dream of prayer,
And her hand plays with the rustling grass,
As with the curls of an infant's hair.

Does she think of the time when she hushed it
soft,
With cradled lullabies?
Or when it hung on her teeming breast,
With a smile in its laughing eyes?

Or when she touched with a loving hand
(When its sunny years were three)
The lamb-like fleece of its flaxen locks
As it lay beside her knee?

Of the hour when a sad and simple pall
Was borne from the cottage door,
And its dancing step was never heard
Again on the cottage floor?

Does she fondly image a cherub shape
Mid a shipling angel band,
With her star-crown'd locks and garments white
And a lily in its hand?

Silent her thought but at twilight hour
Ever she sitteth there,
And her hand oft plays with the curling grass,
As with curls of an infant's hair.

Paddy, attended a "Broad brim" convention for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled withal at the manner of worship. Having been told that the brethren spoke even as they were moved by the spirit, he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for their "hazy" way of worship. Till one young Quaker rose and commenced solemnly—

"Brethren I have married!"

"The devil ye hev!" interrupted Pat—Quaker sat down in confusion, but the spirit moved Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke ground again:—

"Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord!"

"The devil ye hev that?" said Pat, "but it'll be a long while before iver ye'll see your father-in-law."

HE WORE A FLASHY WAISTCOAT.—He wore a flashy waistcoat, on the night when first we met—with a famous pair of whiskers, and an imperial black as jet. His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone; of a gentleman of eighty thousand dollars, all his own. I saw him but a moment, methinks I see him now with a very flashy waistcoat and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow—no neat beaver was there, but a shocking bad 'un was his hat and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street: I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by these worthy officers, with kicking up a row.

KEEP UP THE FIRES.—It is a custom among the farmers and others in many parts of the country to have fires at night, either in the dwelling or in the yard. It is a practice which should be universal. They are well known to be greater safeguards against all sorts of diseases, by purifying the atmosphere. The theory is based upon philosophical principles, and well supported by experience. Cases are known as far back as two centuries ago, when the use of fires was rather the result of accident than a general knowledge of the benefit of the practice.

To see an idea of the increase of cotton mills in England, it is only necessary to state that during the last two years, sixty-one new cotton mills have commenced working in the Lancashire district. The sixty-one mills have together a power of steam and water of about 1,330 horses. Besides the above, there are in the same district, twenty-one in the course of erection, some very large. These new mills will give employment to about 13,000 persons.

A Selected Tale.

THE MAROON. A LEGEND OF THE CARRIBBEES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.,
Author of "The Yemassee," etc.

XX.

The world for a brief season seemed wholly surrendered to them. They lived for each other only; and as they saw no other forms, so they forgot for a time, that they were to be disturbed by other beings of a nature like their own. Lopez had no hopes—shall we call them fears?—that the Dian de Burgos would ever again appear to seek him out in his place of exile. He knew how serious and how terrible always were the jokes of his late tyrant, and never looked for his repentance. Nor did the poor Amaya—such was the name of the damsel—dream that her Caribbean kindred would ever sunder a unison so marvellously wrought by heaven. Her barbarous rites were neglected in the prompt realization of her dreams.— This was due in a great measure to the teachings of the Maroon. Already had he begun to bestow upon her some of his theology—crude and selfish as it was. The *Agnes Dei* which he put into her hands, was quite as frequently an object of her entreaty as it was of his. Their supplications, at morning and at evening to the Virgin, were twined together; and it must be confessed, that, of the two, the poor pagan damsel was much more earnest in her prayers than the habitual Christian.

He taught her other lessons. Already had he begun to conduct her fingers among the strings of his guitar, and she, rejoicing at the merry tinkle which she produced, soon promised to acquire its language. The instrument was constantly in her keeping, except when she summoned him to perform upon it. Then she sat beside him, on the edge of the great ocean, and while the waters rolled and tumbled toward their feet, she listened to his chant, his fierce ballads of Spanish chivalry, comprehending but little of the story, but feeling all the sweetness of the music, the more perhaps that the words were mysterious and vague.

But their sports were not always of this subdued order, though they were scarcely less romantic—such, at least, as she now taught and encouraged him to practice. The sea was scarcely an object of terror to the practised swimmers of the Caribbean Isles. Amaya, like all the damsels of her people, had been accustomed to embrace its billows from her infancy. She soon taught the more apprehensive Lopez to pursue her in the waves. At the fall of the tide she led him off among the rocks, whose heads at such periods were distinctly visible. Here, resting on their dark gray summits, he beheld her, with a terror in which she did not share, leap down into the boiling black abysses, and disappear wholly from his sight. Before he had yet recovered from his alarm, she reappeared, bringing up with her the peculiar oyster, whose irremediable wounds give birth to the beautiful pearl which is so much valued, though not in the same degree, by Indian and European. After this discovery, our Maroon, encouraged the sport which had first alarmed his fears. He too acquired courage from cupidity, and, being no bad swimmer, he learned to follow her into the grim recesses of the rocks, when the seas were at repose. He reserved to himself the opening of the valves, so that he extricated the fruit from their embrace, without subjecting it to injury. Great was the wealth which he thus acquired, to say nothing of the ancient treasures of the cavern.

But these treasures, which he had not sought, were valueless where he was. His possessions, so unsuited to his present condition, first taught him to repine. When he looked upon his unprofitable stores, his thoughts immediately yearned for the native land, in which they had made him famous. With this recollection, his heart saddened within him. He looked earnestly along the ocean waste for some sign of his countrymen. He looked with a momentary indifference upon the sweet, wild and artless creature, who gambled before his eyes, or crouched in confidence beside him. Her keen glance beheld these changes. No change in his aspect ever escaped her vigilance. At such moments, she would incline herself timidly toward him, would draw his attention by little artifices, would appeal to him in awkward Castilian, which insensibly glided into her native Caribbean tongue; the broken accents finally acquiring emphasis as they concluded in some sweet and foreign ditty—sometimes, with a playful fondness, she would assail his melancholy, by sudden plunges into the billows, striking out for the cluster of little rocks; hiding in whose hollows, she would beguile him with a wild strain of her people; or in appealing fancies of her own, which might have found a fitting translation in such a ballad as the following:

THE LAY OF THE CARIB DAMSEL.

Com's seek the ocean's depths with me,
For there are joys beneath the sea,
Joys, that when all is dark above,
Make all below a home of love!

In hollow bright and fountain clear,
Lo! thousand pearls await us there;
And amber drops that sea-birds weep
In sparry caves along the deep.

A crystal chamber there I know,
Where never yet did sunshat go;
The soft moss from the rocks, I take,
Of this our nuptial couch to make.

There, as thou yieldest on my breast,
My sons shall soothe thy happy rest—
Such songs as still our prophecies bear,
When winds and stars are singing near.

These tell of climes whose deep delight,
Knows never change from day to night,

Where, if we love, the blooms and flowers,
And fruits—shall evermore be ours.

Oh! yield thee to the hope I bring,
Believe the truth I feel and sing,
Nor teach my spirit thus to weep,
Thy Christian home beyond the deep.

'Tis little—ah! too well I know,
The poor Amaya may bestow—
But if a heart that's truly thine,
Be worthy thee, O! cherish mine!

My life is in thy look—for thee,
I bloom, as for the sun, the tree;
My hopes—when thou forget'st thy woes,
Unfold, as flow'rs when winter goes.

And though, as our traditions say,
There bloometh worlds of endless day,
I would not care to seek the sky,
If there thy spirit did not fly.

It was impossible even for a heart so selfish as that of our Maroon, wholly to resist a confidence so sweet and touching. The wild grace of her action, the spiritual delicacy of her love, the delightful companionship with which she cheered his solitude, all succeeded, in the absence of any absolute temptations, to secure his continued devotion to her charms.

But a change was destined to cast its shadow over their otherwise happy dreams. Three weeks of delight, with little interval, and scarcely any respite, had passed since they first knew each other. No doubt of the security, as well as transport, of her condition, assailed the heart of the Indian damsel; and if the Spaniard ever thought of his home, it was only as one of those vexing fancies, which, as he could scarcely hope to realize it, it was but childish to encourage. He made the most of his present happiness, and resigned himself to the possession of Amaya, with the more satisfaction, indeed, since, in a choice among a thousand, she still would most probably have been the object of his preference. But he did not the less regard the dowry which she brought him. He subjected his treasure to daily examination, and, when the weather served, to daily increase. His necessities made him a miser. He did not the less enjoy the treasure, which it seemed he could never spend.

XXI.

But a new prospect of freedom, in this respect, was about to open upon him. One morning, whilst our wealthy Maroon was still engaged in the cleansing and assorting of his treasure, close in his cavern, he was surprised by the sudden and unexpected entrance of Amaya, with words of wonder on her tongue, and looks of terror in her face. He hastily put his pearls from sight and hurried with her to the entrance of the cavern. There, in the sea-monster which alarmed her with a nameless fear, he beheld an object of scarcely less terror to himself. This was an European vessel. It might, it must be a Spaniard; but it was still at too great a distance to enable him to solve his doubts, or to relieve or increase his apprehensions. It was evidently approaching his islet; and for what visitor other than Velasquez should he look?

In a secure cover, on the top of his cavern, our Maroon, with the trembling Amaya beside him, watched the course of the stranger. The Indian girl beheld the anxiety of her companion, to describe the feeling at his heart, embodied in his looks and actions, by its gentlest name; and her own terrors increased accordingly. In the brief space of time between the first appearance of the vessel, and his discovery of her true character, Lopez de Leyva rapidly ran over in his mind the prospects of his condition; the probable object of the Dian de Burgos, and the effect of this return upon his fortunes. What had he to hope from Velasquez or the implacable Juan, his rival? What motive but that of mockery and a cruel curiosity would have brought either of them back to the spot where they had marooned him? And should they search for him what was his hope of concealment? He could hide from the Caribbeans, who had no suspicion of any presence but their own, but from the people of the Dian de Burgos there was no concealment. They would search the island—they would discover the cavern, and not one of its crevices could be made safe against their penetrating eyes or their probing lances.

A cold sweat covered the limbs of the miserable creature as his rapid thoughts coursed over the whole ground of his condition. And yet, it will scarcely be believed that, thus doubtful of his own fate, he could yet think of concealing his newly gotten treasure. He hurried back into his cave, counselling Amaya still to maintain her watch upon the stranger. In secret he toiled to place his pearls in security. The crevice which let in the light on one side the vault, he busily crammed with the soft moss and leaves taken from the couch in which he had slept. The light being excluded, he placed his baskets of treasure along the ledge and concealed them in like manner. Nothing but the closest search, under the stimulating influence of a suspicion that something was concealed, could have led to the discovery of his possessions. There was no way of hiding himself in the same manner, and, full of the most horrible apprehensions, he joined Amaya upon the eminence.

It was now necessary to think of her. Should Velasquez suspect the treasure, should Juan obtain sight of her, or any of the Spaniards, she would be torn from his arms with unscrupulous violence. To conceal her, it was necessary that the cave should be kept from their knowledge. He conducted her into its recesses. He showed her where he himself had been hidden, and easily persuaded her to seek shelter in its dusky recesses. She might hope to escape unnoticed, even if the cave were penetrated; but her safety, should the bark be the Dian de Burgos, lay only in showing himself. Upon this policy, trembling still to encounter the cruel

Velasquez, and insidious and hateful Juan, the Maroon resolved. He continued his watch in secrecy, though passing from cove to cove; he left the neighborhood of his cavern, as the chew it flies always from the spot where her young are hidden.

The vessel approached that part of the island where he had been landed. This increased his fears that she was that of his tyrant. If he came to mock, it was the game of Lopez to implore and seem repentant. If to pardon, it was his policy rather to appear surly and provoke his enemy to continued hostility; for, though anxious to reach Spain with his treasure, yet our Maroon well knew that, with Juan or Velasquez as a master, the very suspicion of his great possessions would be fatal to his life. Better, then, to delay the day of his restoration than peril everything on a hope so doubtful. But, in truth, Lopez de Leyva was not in a condition of mind to resolve on any policy. He was now, as he had ever been before, the creature of events!

XXII.

These, for once at least, proved favorable to her fortunes. We have already detailed the fearful circumstances which had changed the dynasty on board the Dian de Burgos. Linares and Maria de Pacheco were now the masters, but the former had no control over the proud and intelligent spirit by whom the whole proceeding had been counselled. He was a mere seaman—a bold, strong man, who, conscious of his own deficiencies, was not unwilling to supply them from the stores of one who had so much identified her fortunes with his own.— She asked for little in return, and that he was disposed to accord. He was the captain of the ship, but she was the guiding spirit. He did not seek her affections. On this point, indulgent, perhaps on all others, she had shown herself equally resentful and inflexible. But, it will suffice for us that they understood each other, and that Linares lent himself to her project of rescuing Lopez. The latter had but little esteem among the seamen, but he had been harmless, was really gentle in his nature in proportion as he was timid in his punishment had won their pity and their sympathies. The sailor of that day looked upon the "Maroon" as doomed to a much worse punishment than death!

Impatient, on the prow of the Dian de Burgos, stood the proud but anxious woman as the ship approached the shore. Concealed among a cluster of young palms, Lopez beheld her; and in the position which she held, her eager attitude and outstretched hand, he at once inferred some great change in her fortunes and his own. His heart was instantly strengthened. He came forth from his hiding place, and the ship, dropping her anchors, Maria de Pacheco was the first to descend into the boat which now hurried to the shore. We need attempt to depict her raptures or his own. In her case they were those of a strong, impetuous nature—her fondness being linked with an arrogance of will, which rather compelled and commanded, than solicited affection in return. The submissive spirit of the "Maroon" did not dare to withhold the expression of a joy, and the declaration of an attachment beyond any which he possibly could feel. Perhaps, there was much more in the gentle and dependent nature of Amaya, to persuade him into love, than in that of the imperious woman whom he had certainly learned to fear. But she brought with her something more than the poor Indian girl could offer. Her coming promised him a restoration to his country, and the privilege of growing famous in the use of his Caribbean treasures. The very dowry Amaya was hostile to her claims. Of this dowry,—of Amaya herself,—he religiously forbore to whisper aught to the proud woman who stood beside him, and who naturally spoke and thought as if she were as much the mistress of his heart as she was of his fate. She soon told him all her story, and revealed such portions of his, as might satisfy her inquiries without provoking any doubts. He described the beauties of his islet. He showed her where he had often slept, beneath the palms. He gathered for her his fresh and luscious fruits, and in the delight and wonder with which she beheld this new paradise, and in the happy consciousness of the attainment of all for which she had striven, at such fearful sacrifice of pride and feminine feeling, she yielded herself up to the sweet and innocent attractions which gathered around her. It was with a vague feeling of terror that he heard her declare her purpose to explore his empire, and to see, for herself, the beautiful retreats and resources which had so singularly fallen to his possession.

The situation of our Maroon was one of considerable difficulty. There was no pretext by which he could avoid the contemplated exploration of his islet, by the woman who was the mistress of his fate, and, as she naturally enough assumed, of his affections also. What had she not periled for those affections? The conviction of her own sacrifices, the belief that she had saved him from a cruel destiny, and that he felt the profoundest gratitude for her love, had rendered her more subdued, and gentle of tone and carriage than he had ever before seen her. She had no longer to contend with the brutal passions of Velasquez, or the subtle and insidious spirit of his nephew. There was no influence now to combat her imperious will, and to oppose itself to the exercise of her own passions. She had won the fearful game for which she had played, and she might well give herself a brief respite after the contest. The sweet and balmy climate of the islet, the picturesque beauty of its aspects, its delicious fruits, the novelty of such an abode, and, above all, that romantic passion for solitude, with a companion, which accompanies the fresher sensibilities of youth, all tended to excite in Maria de Pacheco the desire which she expressed, at least to dream

away a single night on the lonely domain of the Maroon. Her early career in the haunts of the gipsy, was recalled to memory; and she longed to realize, anew, the wild sense of pleasure which her passionate childhood had felt, dreaming beneath the arch of Heaven, and gazing away long lapses of the night, in mute communion with the sadly bright, down-looking stars. Here, in a solitude which her lover had maintained for near a month, she might surely rest one night in safety. The boat might return to the ship, nay, should return, and she should share, for that night, with Lopez, the sovereignty of the island.

"They shall maroon me also, Lopez."
"They may!" was his suggestion.

"Nay, I fear not, Linares is faithful to me. He cannot well do without me."
"But he may be blown off in a tempest.— They are fierce and sudden in these latitudes, and terrible in proportion to the beauty and serenity of the calmness now."

"Well, Linares will come back for us."
"But, should he founder?"
"We then are safe, Lopez!"

The answer silenced him for awhile. But he renewed the attempt—more cautiously, but with suggestions as might have influenced his own nature. He described to her the unwonted terrors which had assailed him in his first acquaintance with the Island. The howling of strange beasts of the sea which sometimes came to sleep by night upon the shore. The screams of unknown birds of great expanse of wing, and power glimpses of which he caught, rising and descending, as from the stars, at midnight;—the awful plunges of wild monsters, from the shore into the sea, and the bellowing of whole tribes of strange animals, whose uproar seemed to shake the islet itself. But these rather provoked the curiosity than the alarm, of the fearless woman. The novelty of such sights and sounds precluded the images of terror which he sought to raise. She declared the very loneliness which still made him shudder, to be a consciousness highly desirable to her heart; and as for the great birds and beasts,—she had seen the elephant, and had heard the lion roar in her own desert of Sahara; and the very safety of her lover was a sufficient proof that she could be in no peril. Her will proved superior to his fears. The boat was filled with fruit and sent back to the ship, and Linares was entreated to lay his vessel at anchor for the night when the two would come on board in the morning.

To keep Maria from the cave, was now the object of the "Maroon";—to prolong his ramble until nightfall among the seashore,—and, in the night, while she slept to steal away from her side,—regain the cave, repossess himself of his treasure, and soothe the fears and the suspicions of Amaya, so that he might abandon her in safety, and without detection by the woman whom he most feared;—this was the notable scheme which he suddenly devised, when he found that Maria was fixed in her purpose of remaining on the islet. To leave his treasure was out of the question. But for this treasure, he had not cared to leave the place. He was really very happy with the Indian damsel,—might have been completely happy but for the dowry which she brought, and which filled him with the proudest fancies of the figure that he should make in Spain. To say that he had no compunctious visitings or conscience at the thought of her abused devotion,—of his so soon and cruel abandonment of one who so thoroughly confided to his affections,—would be to do him great injustice. But the sympathies of the heart, unless sustained and strengthened by a decisive will of the intellect, are never long to be relied on. They are at the mercy of every wind, who bring to its support a resolute and earnest character. Lopez was humbled when he thought of Amaya, but his remedy was to dismiss her from his thoughts with all possible rapidity. He was compelled to do so, for his companion required all his attentions.

(To be continued.)

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a tea-spoon full of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholera, add a tea-spoon full of salt to a pint of cold water,—drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall.

In apoplectic fits no time must be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sensor return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added; and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandage removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two tea-spoons full of salt completely stayed the blood.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed, two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar wash them twice a day with salt water.—[Scientific American.]

A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia for stealing chickens. Theft conclusively proved. "Well, Toby," said his Honor, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Nuffin but dis Boss, I was crazy as a bed-bug when I stole dat pullet, cos I might have stole de big rooster and neber done it. Dat shows dat I was laborin' under de delirium tremendus."

If ANY MAN, from Maine to Georgia, without making a blunder, and speak fast, as he goes over the words, he shall have the Crock, Almanac sent to him for six years.